Sequestered

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Sequestered

by sourweather

Summary

Hannibal coaxes Will into having some fun on the beach. Will likes it more than he thought he would.

Notes

hey guess what writing porn in 30 minutes is hard!!!

“Hannibal…”

He just hums, his mouth entirely occupied with laying suckling kisses over the back of Will’s neck. Will shifts a little, his spine turning stiff, but he doesn’t pull away.

It’d been Hannibal’s idea. They hadn’t ventured out of their safe house for anything but supplies since they’d fled. Hiding and healing, hiding and healing. It seemed such a shame, Hannibal had said, all innocent and well-intentioned, that they were so near the sea and yet hadn’t spent any time out in the sun. Good for us, he’d said. The light, the water, the fresh air. And Will, fool that he was, had believed him.

Now his hands are drifting down Will’s bare chest, pale and atrophied from their long recovery, and easing between his legs. Will gasps when Hannibal palms at his cock through his swim trunks. He’s hard, helpless to resist the sharp teeth now nipping at the shell of his right ear, the hot breath making him shiver. His other hand pushes up the leg of Will’s trunks, seeking the tender flesh of an inner thigh.

“Stop.” It’s breathy. Unconvincing.

“Why should I?” Hannibal purrs, kissing the space just beneath Will’s ear. He’s sensitive there, Hannibal knows this. Admittedly the two of them hadn’t *just* been hiding and healing, in that house.

Will bites hits lip, scanning the beach with lidded eyes. Their location is secluded, there aren’t at risk of disturbing any tourists. He can see some figures, though, in the distance. Beach goers, enjoying the scenery. Too far away to see him exposed, but if they happened to look this way then his and Hannibal’s position certainly implied things.

Hannibal’s hand dips beneath Will’s waistband. He wraps his fingers around Will’s cock, starts stroking him nice and slow.

“Han,” he sighs, and his legs part further of their own accord. “Hannibal, people could see us.”

“No one is looking.”

The hand on his thigh clutches tighter, blunt nails digging into his skin. Will moans. “W-Well, no, but--” Hannibal’s arm curls around Will’s waist, drags him closer. Will can feel the other man’s cock, hard and thick at his back. “But somebody *could*.”

Hannibal frees Will’s cock, biting his shoulder with a low groan as the sight of it. He’s aching, wet at the tip. Will can feel how Hannibal smirks.

“Yes,” he murmurs, licking the salty sweat from Will’s throat. “Yes, I suppose they could.”

His cock twitches, and Hannibal starts stroking it again. He’s been caught.

“Are you frightened, darling?” Hannibal teases. Will rocks his hips into the other man’s hand, grinding his ass against Hannibal’s erection. He searches for something to cling to, ends up pawing at fistfuls of warm, white sand. “Afraid that someone might be scandalized by you?”

“Fuck…” His toes curl. His breaths turn to gasps.

“No one knows you, here, Will,” Hannibal teases with a kiss to his jaw. “You would simply be a nameless exhibitionist, engaging in his perversion. In broad daylight, no less.”

Will lets his head fall back, limp in Hannibal’s arms. “Close,” he chokes, his face burning with shame and excitement at once. He can’t deny it though, even if he wanted to. Hannibal can see how much this turns him on. Somehow, even when it’s only the two of them, Hannibal has given him nowhere to hide.

“They would think that you were nothing but my toy, letting yourself be played with for all to see.”

He writhes in Hannibal’s hold when he comes, a high chorus of ‘Yes, oh god, yes’s pouring from him as he shudders with pleasure. Hannibal strokes him through it, moaning in his ear at the sight of him being taken under. He’s left panting for air by the time it passes, his chest heaving as the world returns to focus.

“God,” he sighs harshly. “I didn’t even know I had a thing for that. Is that weird? Am I a pervert?”

Hannibal chuckles, kissing Will’s cheek with a smug grin. “I think it’s perfectly normal,” he assures him, then laughs again, lower. “Though you might want to be more mindful of those lovely sounds next time, darling, or else someone might actually take notice.”

Will swallows, his face redder than ever, and makes for the water to cool himself off.

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